

The Pocahontas Times.

PRICE BROS., EDITORS.

MARLINTON, THURS. OCT. 17, 1901.

Entered at the post-office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

WHEN THE TRAIN GOES OUT.

On a recent afternoon the scene at the Marlinton Station's waiting room was interesting and suggestive. Two sisters were there, one in traveling costume, waiting for the hour to arrive when she would set out for a third year's duties at a medical college.

A solitary young man was there on his way to the Grant University at Chattanooga, where he will have experiences he never dreamed of in his quiet Pocahontas home. Wherewithal shall a young guide his way? By taking heed to God's word.

Another young man was there, attended by a group of attached friends. He had arranged to pass the coming winter near the orange groves of Florida, hoping to find there the health not hoped for from the chilling yet healthful airs of his home land in the mountains.

Another group two sisters were in waiting. One had just attended the second teacher's examination. From the first she had been prevented by several weeks' vigils by day and night at the bedside of a sister whose life was tremulously balanced between time and eternity for days and days and finally decided on the side of the earthly home life and was spared, it is hoped, for more years of useful, helpful living.

Carl and Cecil were there, two fine looking boys from the southwestern borders of our county, passing one of the historical days of their lives—the day spent in Marlinton, seeing the big stores, the printing offices, and the locomotive trains, passenger and freight. They had been coached evidently by what they had read about buncos steerers, taking advantage of visitors in a crowd, not to notice friendly strangers but turn away from them. One refused the proffered hand of a Santa Claus-looking old stranger and hastened to where one was standing whom he knew and kept close to him after that until he was safe on the homeward car.

A venerable Bank director and two bank officials formed another group waiting to board the train for Lewisburg, summoned by telephone to appear there in an affair that has cast a mournful gloom over many worthy persons in two or three counties.

Other groups were there but time and space would fail to record what comes to mind suggested by their presence.

The "staccato-ery 'all aboard'" interrupts our reveries and all disperse for their homes, their shadows pointed toward the east as they wend their respective ways. These eastward pointing shadows had their meaning too, known and read of all that are inclined to muse upon them. If we never meet in earth again morning, W. T. P.

The Way of the World.

One of Marlinton's most prominent citizens is a person of pronounced metaphysical and psychological proclivities. For several nights and some days recently passed away, he has been pondering one of the most perplexing enigmas he has ever tackled in his brief but busy observant life experience heretofore. His perplexity seems to be this: How comes it, or why is it that an elegantly dressed, prepossessing, pompous, waxed mustached exotic from a city of "magnificent distances" can come to a mountain town, small in size, but big in its way and pretensions and smart as they make them in its own esteem, and said person be honored, toasted and caressed until he gets away with a thousand dollars or more and with a something else, more to be valued still, and never be looked after and be allowed to keep up his pompous, alluring ways elsewhere without a protest from anybody. All this, too, while a mere, quiet unobtrusive herald of the cross is molested in the midst of reviving services in a most obscure mountain community, by the minotors of the law, carried before the authorities and hustled off to Charleston because he was poor and in sore need of forty or fifty dollars to clothe and feed his little children, and could see no better way to get it than by doing what he is charged with.

All that this paragrapher can say for the relief of this perplexed philosopher is that were he to wear his thinking cap as long as Methuselah wore his, he will find no more light on his difficulties than he has now, and had just as well give it up, grin and bear it, and make the best of it, for the few evil days that may be allowed us here. W. T. P.

OUR ANNUAL CRICKET MATCH

"You'll believe me, dear boys, 'tis a pleasure to rise, With a welcome like this in your darling old eyes; To meet the same smiles and to hear the same tone, Which have greeted me in the years that have flown!"

Friday, September 27th, was a perfect "Indian Summer" day, so the Boys" were corralled and impressed to engage in the noble game of Cricket. "Inglewood" (Mingo) was the "tryzing place," and shortly after noon-tide, prancing palfreys appeared from all directions—replying to the "call to arms." "Bruce's Bruisers" against "Lawson's Lobsters" was the match. A large number of the fair sex graced the festive scene with their presence. We missed the genial presence of the Sheriff (Mr. P. Marshall) who was, no doubt, engaged in chasing "deportados" out of the country! The features of the match were the scores of L. Tuke, 39, C. Dakers, 22, and Major Bruce's brilliant sons" Cleverdon made a very smart catch. We append the scores:

LAWSON'S LOBSTERS.		
1 D. Hodgson, c. C. Bruce, b. Cleverdon	7	
2 A. Lawson, b. Cleverdon	0	
4 C. Tuke, b. L. Tuke	8	
4 E. K. Bruce, c. & b. Cleverdon	1	
5 C. Dakers, b. L. Tuke,	0	
6 J. McKenzie, not out, Byes	3	
Total	19	
2nd Innings	19	
1 c. & b. Cleverdon	0	
2 not out	12	
3 b. L. Tuke	7	
4 b. L. Tuke	0	
5 c. Phillips, b. Cleverdon	22	
6 b. Cleverdon Byes	0	
Total	48	
BRUCE'S BRUISERS.		
1 F. Cleverdon, c. Phillips, b. Tuke	4	
2 L. Tuke, c. Lawson, b. Hodgson	29	
3 C. Bruce, b. Lawson	0	
4 W. D. Phillips, b. Lawson	20	
5 J. Hebdon, not out	0	
6 Jack Mack, not out Byes	3	
Total	77	

The Match resulted in a victory for the "Bruisers" by an innings and 10 runs! Alas! for the "Lobster Boys!"

"A health to our future—a sigh for our past!

We love, we remember, we hope to the last!

And for all the bad lies that the almanacs hold,

While we're youth in our hearts we can never grow old!"

"CHORE BOY."

DOG-FISH.

The United States Fish Commission has sent to Paris D. Yeager a tank with a request that he procure some dog-fish, or guano, or water dog as this big lizard is sometimes known, to be put on exhibition in the tank room of the National Museum. Several specimens have been caught and there should be no trouble in getting any number. So far as we know this species of Saurian is found only in West Virginia waters, being especially indigenous to the larger streams and seldom seen in the head waters, but when found there it is of exceptional size, sometimes measuring 18 inches, the usual size being about 12 inches.

It has been a matter of comment by many why the dog-fish are almost always the same size, no small ones being seen, and was supposed by some that they breed only in the large, muddy streams, but being a very sluggish reptile this seemed improbable.

While fishing for suckers in January several years ago the writer caught several ranging from 3 to 6 inches. This seems to prove that the dog-fish is a fast grower, because all caught on the trot lines in April are always full size; if there were any small ones around they would certainly be caught, for they take to their bosom any thing that is set before them in way of bait. Dog fish are a great trial to the seter of trot lines, eating the bait and filling up all the hooks so that the wily cat-fish could not get caught if he wanted to.

One season a fisher caught so many that he decided to see what sort of fertilizer they would make. Instead of killing and throwing them away, Two or three were put in a hole, covered up and water melon seeds planted over them. The vines grew rank and the fruit seemed to mature a little earlier than usual. This seems to be the only use that can be made of this curian because no body has ever had the moral courage to eat one of these big slimy lizards.

W. T. P.

PLEASURE.

Rightly understood, pleasure is the chief object of all human government—the art namely of making people pleased or happy; and it would not be less rational to condemn religion because of the cruelties that have been inflicted in its name, or art, because some good pictures have an immoral tendency, than to inveigh against pleasure because some people pursue it selfishly, or find it in unworthy objects.

To enjoy rightly is one of the surest precepts of human happiness, and it is difficult for a layman to put his finger on any denomination of pleasure, as such, in the Old or New Testament. There is something of insincerity in the conventional attitude assumed toward pleasure by professing Christians. We are constantly seeking it, yet we express abhorrence of pleasure seekers; we profess to despise it, yet the whole effort of the nation is to obtain it.

What is the aim of all philanthropy, but pleasure in the present? What is the promise of every religion but pleasure in the future?

With what consistency can the honest believer undervalue pleasure when the Psalmist declares that "At the Lord's right hand are pleasures forever?"

If, then, pleasure is a good and right thing, and therefore worth taking some trouble to secure, it is not wasting time to consider its true nature, and remarks upon some of the common hindrances to its attainment, and to point out the common neglect of some of its purest sources.

Pleasure, then, in the full meaning of enjoyment or delight, is indeed one of the most difficult subjects that can be submitted to analysis. Seek and ye shall not find it, unless your search is wisely directed. Often it eludes the most elaborate plans and costly preparations for its capture. Equally often it springs out unawares upon the wayfarer, when he is least looking for it; meets him with frankest countenance when its presence would be least suspected. Thus the ordinary scheme of social entertainment is devised to encourage that most precious of all earthly joys—congenital intercourse, and the guests come away wearied, while a chance meeting in a railway, or even in a dentist's waiting-room, may fill the heart with gladness. The fact is, elaborate preparations are more likely to scare than to secure pleasure. In the expressive words of Mr. Dallas: "Pleasure seldom gives, note of her coming. She comes like an angel, unseen, unheard, unknown; and not till she is gone, or parting from us, are our eyes open to what we have enjoyed."

As Goethe said of beauty, so it may be said of pleasure: It is a primeval phenomenon that eludes definition—a radiance shed from the presence of Him at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore. The source of which though we may speculate about it, we can never know. This much, however, it is in our power to do: seeing that pleasure is a sensation arising from the fitting of fulfillment to desire, and of condition to mood, we can encourage those desires and train those moods which conduce to the purest gratification.

W. W. L.

LETTER FROM RICHMOND.

The skies are blue, the air mild and pleasant, and the trees, grass and flowers like those of summer; but the cool nights betoken the fall of autumn and the incoming of winter.

Trains approaching the city, bring their complements of visitors from afar, and the city will be ready in time for the gala proceedings of next week's Carnival—a word that has become Americanized: on its native shores of Italy and hence, it breathes of the grotesque and intimates a people mad for the time with frolic and folly. Americans cannot be Italians or French, and so steal their word and let it represent the beautiful, the marvelous.

Great preparations are in vogue, and along Broad street for a mile or two, the eye will be tired of seeing and perhaps, the ear, of hearing, while amid the jostling crowd the soles of many feet will be weary. The electric line will pursue its noiseless course with loads of humanity, and all go "merry as a marriage bell."

This statement was presented to Lantz which he signed, at the same time saying he did not sign it through fear; that no body could make him sign anything he did not want to sign, but because he wished to apologize for any insult he may have offered the teachers and the people of Marlinton.

The incidents connected with this affair show the real character of this man Lantz. While here in town he admitted he had insulted the people and apologized for same. Then he goes home in a mean, sneaking, cowardly way, thinking that he is out of danger of proper chastisement and writes the article in The Times.

For the benefit of those who are interested the undersigned will say that when they seek office they will not call upon transplanted "sang diggers" from the swamps of Pendleton.

S. B. Scott, Jr.
J. W. Yeager
W. A. McLaughlin.

CLOVER LICK.

Oh, what a jack frost was here last night.

Some of our people attended Circuit Court at Marlinton.

Miss Mattie Moore has returned to her home.

Mr. Dudley spent a few days here on business.

Russ McLaughlin's peach-cutting was all o.k.

Mr. Pooh ought to have been over here and saw the cattle blowing tallow on the white oak bushes when they left Clover Creek this fall.

Ken Meek has gone to Virginia.

Mr. Pooh ought to have been over here and saw the cattle blowing tallow on the white oak bushes when they left Clover Creek this fall.

Miss Rish Smith made a flying trip to Edray last week.

Mr. Chris McLaughlin is anti-

slavery.

Mr. McLaughlin is anti-slavery.

RUMBLE STILT-SKIN.

OBITUARY.

Mary R. McMILLION, daughter of L. O. and Caroline McMILLION, departed this life Sept. 1901, aged 21 years.

She was a young lady of fine intelligence and greatly beloved by all who knew her. At the age of eleven she was converted and became a faithful member of the M. E. Church, and her greatest delight was always to be present and take part in the services. She had a great desire to see people saved, not only of her own land and country, but also was interested in the heathen in foreign lands, and was one of our best collectors or this cause.

W. V. SPRUCE LUMBER Co.

Cass, Pocahontas Co., W. Va.

\$500 REWARD.

Whereas a diabolical attempt was made to destroy the engine and wreck our Log Train on the Leathberk road, in this county, on the night of the 21st of September, 1901, by placing dynamite on the rails of said road, thereby endangering the lives of many of our most esteemed and trusted employees, therefore we have decided to offer a reward of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS (\$500) for the apprehension and conviction of the perpetrator, or perpetrators of this act, to be paid immediately upon sentence being passed upon any one or more of them.

W. V. SPRUCE LUMBER Co.

Cass, Pocahontas Co., W. Va.

NOTICE.

A meeting of the stockholders of the Pocahontas Hotel Company will be held on the 5th day of November, 1901, at 3 o'clock p.m. at the office of the Pocahontas Development Company, in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, for the purpose of electing a board of directors, making by-laws, and transacting such other business as may lawfully be done by the said stockholders, in a general meeting.

John T. McGraw,
Charles R. Darbin,
L. H. McClunie,
Andrew Price,
W. A. Bratton,
John L. Heckler,
Corporators.

APPOINTMENTS.

Huntersville Circuit, M. E. Church:

REV. H. LAWSON, Pastor.

1st Sunday,—Mt Vernon 11 a. m.

Sunset, 3 p. m.

Huntersville 7:30 p. m.

2d Sunday,—Marlinton 11 a. m.

Mt Pleasant 3 p. m.

3d Sunday,—Huntersville 11 a. m.

Bethel 3 p. m.

Mt Vernon 7:30 p. m.

4th Sunday—Mt Pleasant 11 a. m.

Marlinton 8 p. m.

Marlinton, —

Notice to Tax Payers.

I will meet you in person or by Deputies at the following places, and all who pay their tax in full will be allowed a discount of 2½ per cent. Viz:

Linwood, October 17, 1901.

Edray, " 18, "

Marlinton, " 19, "

Dunnmore, " 21, "

Frost, " 21, "

Lobelia, " 21, "